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Two Dollars for one year, in advance.
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No advertisement inserted gratuitously.
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Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

Proprietor.

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1870.

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Drowning the Rat.

The partiality of the darkey for the sun is proverbial. At noonday, with the fierce rays shining down on his bare head, the musquitoes singing around him, and the flies making amorous dalliance with his nose or lips, he sleeps and dreams. One old darkey in the Fourth District, New Orleans, has daily, for months past, selected the doorstep of a prominent residence for his noon-day nap. Being driven off one day, he comes the next. With his head thrown back and his mouth wide open, he snores away to the exceeding discomfort of the inmates. Called to the door by this disagreeable dinapason a few days since, the lady of the house concluded she would try an experiment. For this purpose she procured a small piece of ice and dropped it into the huge orifice that served as Sambo's mouth. It disappeared like a shot, and with a cough and a snort, Sambo started to his feet.

"Ugh," he cried, as the ice sent violent thrills through his stomach. "What dis?" and his finger clutched nervously the afflicted parts. Just then some one cried out in the house that a big rat had run down "Uncle Sam's" throat. This added terror to his pain. He rolled on the banquet and cried lustily for help. "Fore God, missus, he's gnawing out'n me. I feels him. Oh, golly, he's k'n me," and the whites of the darkey's eyes protruding like saucers, and the convulsed and anguished face, showed that real pain was strongly enhanced by his imaginary terror. "Oh, golly, how he do jump and kick about," and Sambo again gave himself up to a paroxysm of lamentation. "Drink warm water, Uncle Sam, and drown him," the lady suggested.

Without a moment's hesitation Sam started for the water plug. He turned on the crank, and the water started. Sam glued his lips to the nozzle until his sides were puffing like an inflated balloon.

"How do you feel now, Uncle Sam?" she inquired, as Sam staggered back to his seat. "I guess he's drowned, missus; but here's what's troubling dis chile: how's dat rat gwine to git out'n dare?"

Switches and Chignons.

The recent revelations about "jute"—the dark fibrous bark, resembling hemp—whereby women endeavor cheaply to counterfeit the luxuriant heads of hair denied them by nature—have been regarded, no doubt, as merely sensational, or perhaps the product of some misogynist imagination, but the doubters have no chance. The disgusting little borer that fills the fibers of the "Sute" plant, whether used in massive chignons or long bunches, are causing a lively and by no means pleasant excitement in various quarters, finding their way to the heads of their harbingers, they burrow until the scalp becomes raw, and in many cases affect the whole nervous system and craze the brain. The only remedy we know of is to abandon the use of chignons and switches altogether, and treat with "Barrett's Vegetable Hair Restorative," a thorough application of which according to directions will soon supply the deficiencies of nature and give you a fine, luxuriant, head of hair. The Ladies all prefer "Barrett's" because it is much cleaner and does not gum or mat the hair.

Belgium, a little kingdom of 11,373 square miles—about the size of Maryland—gives comfortable support to over 5,000,000 people, or about 500 to the square mile.

A man in Oxford, Indiana, was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

A DAY AS A NEW YORK HACKMAN.

"Heigho, McGreer! what in the world are you swearing at so furiously?" I asked, entering the lively stables of the above named person, amid a volley of oaths that might have shocked his Satanic majesty.

"Oh! good morning," replied the man; "excuse me, Mr. Morris. I was talking rather too strong, perhaps; but the fact is, I am in a desperate strait! You see, Mr. Elmore's horses are both sick, and he has sent to me to let him have my best span and coach immediately. Well, the dapples are the best, and, to my eye, better than his own; but there's not a man belonging to the stables dare drive them but Cary, and he is down with a fever. The other horses are all out, or engaged, and I don't know what the—"

"There! there!" said I; "no oaths. I have nothing on hand, and really believe I should like to play hackman for a day." "Surely, Mr. Morris, you're joking!" ejaculated the man in amazement. "No! I am in earnest," for the idea was so novel that I, a lover of adventure, became every moment more determined to try it. "I am really in earnest, Mr. McGreer, so say no more about it. You know I can manage anything. Just have them hitched up, and give me a livery coat and hat. Now, leave me the office for a moment—but stop! don't let the men know who I am, and by-the-way—I almost forgot it—have our team sent around in about an hour."

Left alone, I proceeded to alter my appearance as much as possible, assuming the habiliments of a driver. The metamorphosis was scarcely completed, when Mr. McGreer entered. "Mr. Mor—" "Michael, ye mane," I interrupted. "Sure, there is no reason I should be cheated out of me name." We both laughed, and I received congratulations upon making so good a son of Erin. Stepping out of the office, I mounted the box, gathered up the reins, and was off. The horses were unusually gay, but I had them in good trim by the time I stopped before Mr. Elmore's residence.

It may be well to state, Grace Elmore was not the least inducement for my assuming my present position. All winter she had been a dream idyl of mine, or, rather, half a one, for I could not really decide which I preferred, Grace, or Maudie Merrie, a young French lady, who was spending the winter in New York with her parents. Both were bewitching, and I embraced every opportunity of being with either.

Springing from the box, I rang the bell, and presently assisted Miss Elmore and two friends into the carriage.

The day was warm for March, and the four windows were open—Grace sitting on the seat nearest me. "Round the pleasantest streets, driver. Anywhere for a ride," she said.

We started, and for a quarter of an hour, the ladies' chit-chat was of no account to me, then suddenly Miss Fannie exclaimed: "By-the-way, Grace, rumor says you are engaged to George Morris, and the 'solitaire' on your forefinger appears to confirm it."

"Rumor honors me," was the reply. "Now, Grace," chimed in the third lady, "stop your nonsense, and tell us candidly, are you engaged?" "Well, I am arraigned before a court for some terrible crime, and commanded to answer, Guilty or Not Guilty?—is that it?" was the half-laughing, half-annoyed response. "No," returned the third lady, "not at all; only urged to gratify friendly curiosity."

"Well, the truth is, I am not at liberty to say all I wish; but this much I will acknowledge—the ring you mention did once belong to George Morris."

Was there ever such an abominable falsehood told, every word of which is true, I thought, angrily, as I heard the comments a-

bout my money, person, parents, etc. That girl has led them to suppose we are engaged, and there is the ring to prove it—a ring she took from me in sport, a few evenings since, and which I intended to recover upon our next meeting. Well, there was one thing certain—Grace Elmore will never be my wife; I could not trust such a schemer. This resolution was strengthened when I heard her say, in a confidential undertone, to the third lady, (Miss Fannie having been left at her own house,) "I have, of course, no feeling in the matter, only school-girl love; but I think George will make a desirable husband, while his wealth with my own, will place us above any change of fortune. Then he is really very handsome, and I have decided to take him." I do not know that I could do much better.

"Pity I have not arrived at a similar decision," was my mental sarcasm. Just then she called, affectedly, "Home, driver." Willingly did I place her on the carriage steps and turn toward the stables. "By Jove! I wish I could have as good an opportunity to try Maudie Merrie!" I ejaculated as I drove up to my station. McGreer was waiting for me. There was a gray-haired gentleman with him, but McGreer stepped aside and asked me if I objected to going further, at the same time overpowering me with thanks, and saying if the horses were cooled down, he could give them to some one else.

"No, no!" I replied, quickly, for I was desirous of learning more of humanity. "I will keep my place for the present, send me where you choose."

Turning to the gentleman, McGreer bowed and said: "Mr. Lancy, this carriage is at your disposal."

In Mr. Lancy I recognized a worthy merchant, though not well known in the higher circle, his means placing him only with those who were in "very good" circumstances.

"Where, sir?" I asked, as he entered the carriage. "To—street, north side." A quiet cozy little place it proved to be—a three story brick, new and handsome, though lacking elegance. Here the gentleman alighted, returning in a short time accompanied by a young girl, I should judge, some nineteen years, whom he addressed as Maggie. Her rich brown hair was curled neatly at the back of her head, and the soft, velvet-looking, hazel eyes were the most enchanting that ever met my gaze. "Peering from under my hat, I noted every article of the neatly-ordered little fairy. 'Drive to the Park,' was the gentleman's directions, as I again took up the lines.

I listened eagerly to every sound from within, feeling half ashamed at the part I was playing, though too deeply interested in the lady to desist. Presently a clear, sweet voice asked: "Well, father, dear, what have you to say, that you require such strict privacy?"

"My child," I hesitated the parent, "I—I—fear you are not brave enough to bear it. Oh, merciful heaven, if I could but spare my darling!"

An eager, loving voice replied: "Father! father! surely one so young and strong, with such deep affection for you, can bear a great deal; any sorrow will not be so heavy if shared with me; now that mother has no power to comfort you, except through memory, let me take her place as best I can. Tell me all, father; I am stronger than you think?"

Then followed a long explanation, which may be summed up in a very few words. Their voices were often drowned in the outer bustle, but I heard sufficient to understand that Mr. Lancy, who was doing a heavy business, had, some months previous, taken in a partner, who proved to be an inveterate speculator, and without the knowledge of Mr. Lancy, had involved the firm to the amount of several thousand dollars. The investment could amount to nothing in less than a year; meanwhile, debts previously incurred fell due, and were pressed by creditors. Mr. Lancy ended by saying:

"Unless I get some assistance between this and Monday, Tuesday night will find us penniless. Oh my child! if I could but save you! How can you bear such a change?" And I heard the heavy sobs of that strong man come thick and fast. Perhaps there were a few drops in my own eyes, for I could not see the horses for a moment. I fancied loving arms around my neck, and a pale, soft cheek against my own, as the words I was obliged to lean down to catch, came in a clear, brave voice from the noblest heart that ever beat beneath heaven.

"Father, do not think of me; all that I have is yours, and many of my private articles will bring considerable. Do not shrink from selling everything to pay an honest debt. I can bear all things, so love is left. Sure I may not complain though all be taken, if heaven leaves me my father. Do your best, and trust to me for all the assistance in my power. I can bear all things, so love is left."

Much followed, but this last sentence was all I cared to hear, and by the time we drew up before the neat brick house in—street, I fairly worshipped the brown-haired angel who resided there. For the last fifteen minutes I had been contriving a plan to assist them. In my pocket was a check for three hundred dollars, drawn up that morning, for the purpose of settling up a small account.

My name was on it in full; as I opened the carriage door I cast it to the wind, which took it to the pavement. At first neither noticed it, and I feared I had been foiled, but just as I was mounting the box, Maggie picked it up, and turned hurriedly to her father. I drove off, wondering how it would end.

Reaching the stables I threw the reins to a hostler, and, entering the office, told McGreer the horses could be driven by a baby; disposed of my maquerade, and went home, not to dream of Grace and Maud, as usual, but of the noble woman who "could bear all things so love was left." The next morning I saw in the "Herald" a notice which read as follows:

"Mr. George T. Morris will call at No. 4 North—street, he will receive some lost property."

It was just what I wanted, and about 10 o'clock I called at the place mentioned, received the check from the hand of my queen, together with an explanation of how it came into her possession. I asked if her father was at home. He was not.

"Would she give me his place of business?"

"Certainly!" Taking a card from the stand, she traced neatly the address, and bowing, I left her to seek the merchant.

"Mr. Lancy, I am George Morris. Will you give me a private interview?"

"With pleasure."

Seated in an inner office, I told him all the last day's proceedings that concerned himself, offering any pecuniary assistance he might permit me to render. After some urging on my part, he accepted, and grasping my hand, thanked me again and again for saving his child, saying heaven would repay me. And it has most munificently; for not six months passed ere Maggie Lancy possessed the solitaire, which Grace Elmore had worn so proudly and falsely. I have secured the greatest treasure earth can give—a woman "who can bear all things, so love is left."

Now two hazel eyes are peeping over my shoulder, while a happy voice exclaims:

"Why, George, you foolish old darling, no one will be interested in that but yourself."

Is my little wife correct?

A Newark merchant gave a deacon a lot of fans on which business cards were printed, to distribute at a camp meeting, and the deacon set boys to selling them at five cents apiece.

A Michigan census-taker came across a man who had been married five years, but had never inquired his wife's christian name. He always called her "Say!"

Temple of the Muses.

THE TRUNDLE BED.

As I rummaged through the garret, Listening to the falling rain As it pattered on the shingles, And against the window pane, Peeping over chests and boxes Which with dust were thickly spread, Saw I in the farthest corner What was once my trundle bed.

And I drew it from the recess Where it had remained so long, Hearing all the time the music Of my mother's voice and song, As she sang in sweetest accents What I since have often heard—"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections That I thought had been forgot, Came with a rush of memory, Rushing, thronging to the spot. As I wandered back to childhood—To those merry days of yore, When I knelt beside my mother, By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently Placed upon my infant head, There she taught my lips to utter Carefully the words she said. Never can they be forgotten—Deep are they in memory given, "Hallowed be Thy Name, O Father! Father, Thou, who art in Heaven!"

This she taught me; then she told me Of its import great and deep; After which I learned to utter—"Now I lay me down to sleep." Then it was with hands uplifted, And in accents soft and mild, That my mother asked our Father, "Father, do Thou bless my child."

Years have passed, and that dear mother Long has mouldered 'neath the sod, And I trust her sainted spirit Revels in the house of God. But that scene at summer twilight Never has from memory fled; And it comes in all its freshness When I see the trundle bed.

Curious Advertisements.

Some English journals contain a class of advertisements which are seldom seen in American papers. They are called "Exchanges," and are inserted by those who wish to exchange one article of any description for another of equal value. *The Queen*, a lady's newspaper in London, appears sometimes with two hundred such advertisements in one issue. To an American reader, many of them would be amusing, as, for instance:

"I wish to find a happy home for a handsome setter; color, liver and white; he is extremely gentle and good-natured with children. Wanted in exchange a harp, music stand, or musical box playing four tunes. JOHN."

"I have a very handsome India scarf, for which I want a child's silver cup or a little silver candlestick. JOHNNY."

"I want to exchange an old Latin Bible, more than 300 years old, full of curious pictures, for real pearl ornaments, old point lace, or old china. HECTOR."

Startling Announcement.

The farmers of the United States lose annually, \$15,000,000 worth of live stock by diseases which might be cured, and the stock saved by a little timely knowledge of the *Veterinary Science*. The important discoveries made of late in Europe, in the several departments of Veterinary Medicine, are indicative of the age in which we live. Americans must not be behind the age! Their interest, pride, and patriotism should arouse them to a sense of their indifference and consequent dependence on other nations for Veterinary knowledge. To fill this great want of the people, the *Veterinary Editor of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL* answers through the *JOURNAL*, free of charge, all questions relating to Sick, Injured or diseased Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine or Poultry. This makes it a very valuable work for reference, and an almost indispensable companion to all interested in STOCK BREEDING. The low price at which it is published (\$1.00 a year) brings it within the reach of all. Address, N. P. BOYER & CO., PUBLISHERS, Parkersburg, Chester Co., Pa.

A young stone mason of Louisville, Ky., blew his brains out last week with a revolver while laboring under conceit that there were too many of his trade in the world already.

When Wisconsin prisoners are unusually ill-behaved they are taken out of jail and boarded at a hotel until they are properly repentant.

Prussia was all Ready.

Evidently Prussia was fully prepared and ready for the present war. It is altogether a matter of certainty that the war with France has been regarded since 1866 as only a question of time, and liable to occur at any moment; and, with this certainty of its future, preparation for years has been made, even to the most minute particular. Since the termination of the Austrian war, not a railroad car even has been constructed in Prussia or any of its dependencies—Saxony, Bavaria or Baden—in which the primary idea of its construction has not been military capacity and adaptation, rather than passenger or merchandise traffic; and on every such car to-day in use in Prussian Germany may be seen distinctly marked the capacity of the same for so many men, or so many horses.

The system of military enrollment and enumeration, as affecting all those liable to perform military duty, but not in actual service, was also so perfect that the men fell as it were into their places at the instant the summons reached the district or town commanders, through the medium of the telegraph. Shunted off for a period of some hours to allow of the passage of military trains, at a town of about five thousand inhabitants, on the Minden and Cologne Railroad, we learned that in this place the conscription had amounted to almost ten per cent. of the whole population, or to an aggregate of five hundred men. The summons to the field came, we were further informed, at night, after a majority of the inhabitants had retired to rest, and yet before noon of the next day the whole of the municipal quota had been assembled, uniformed, organized with sub-officers, and were far on their way on the cars to regimental or division rendezvous. To use the language of my informant, the men were actually taken from their beds.

A large factory was closed and silent. The proprietors and a son, and all the able-bodied workmen in their employ, had left for the war; and as the former through wealth or influence had managed to escape in some degree the full requirements of military service, they were placed in the ranks, while their carmen or porters, as sub-officers—sergeants or corporals—were placed over them. Another illustration of the extent of the Prussian military preparation was to be found in the circumstance, that even on the borders of Holland, in situations apparently far removed from the contingency of invasion, the equipment of the forts, the preparation of the glacis by the felling of trees and the erection of new lines of palisades, seemed to be as carefully and strategically made as in respect to its more important fortifications of Mayence or Cologne.

During a recent thunder storm at Independence, Ky., lightning struck a threshing machine at which eight men were working, stunning the whole number, and on recovering consciousness, three of them found the front part of their tongues blistered, as if they had been touched with red-hot iron.

It is said that if a woman would paint the skin of the face blue, at the corners of the eyes for a small space, shading off in the direction of the ear, it would give a languishing softness to the countenance, and will make the greatest of shrews look lovely, mild and meek.

New Lisbon, Ohio, has a female base-ball club. One of the girls recently made a "home run." She saw her father coming with a switch.

A Mrs. Spinner, of Massachusetts, has formed a limited partnership with her husband for the manufacture of shoes. The lady pays in \$5,000.

Census of Middle Tennessee.

The following is the population of each county in Middle Tennessee, as taken from the official returns in the United States Marshal's office:

Davidson,	63,178
Bedford,	24,304
Cannon,	10,510
Cheatham,	6,859
Coffee,	10,200
DeKalb,	11,436
Dickson,	9,246
Fentress,	4,816
Franklin,	14,977
Giles,	32,821
Grundy,	2,255
Hickman,	9,858
Humphreys,	9,466
Jackson,	12,526
Lawrence,	7,816
Lewis,	1,986
Lincoln,	28,152
Macon,	6,654
Marshall,	16,465
Maury,	28,815
Montgomery,	26,208
Overton,	10,522
Putnam,	8,541
Perry,	6,912
Robertson,	16,005
Rutherford,	33,396
Smith,	16,242
Stewart,	9,061
Somner,	23,722
Van Buren,	2,620
Warren,	12,824
Wayne,	10,234
White,	9,223
Williamson,	25,398
Wilson,	26,033
Total,	559,901

Profitable Bookkeeping.

"Who has bought the handsome saddle, John?" inquired a saddle and harness maker, some time ago, of his foreman, upon coming into the shop and finding that a very handsome new saddle had disappeared.

"Indeed I cannot tell who it was, and the worst of it is, it has not been paid for. I was very busy this morning, when a gentleman came in, asked the price of it, told me to charge it to his account, threw it into his vehicle, and drove off before I could ascertain his name. I am sure, however, he is one of our customers, for he has frequently bought articles here before."

"That's rather a puzzling case, really," said the master, scratching his head, "and some mode must be devised to find out the purchaser, and get the pay for the saddle. Ay, I have it, John! Charge every one of our customers, who have accounts open, with the saddle; those who didn't get it will, of course, refuse to pay, and in that way we shall reach the right one."

John did as he was ordered. A few weeks after Christmas bills had been sent out the foreman was interrogated as to whether he had succeeded in finding out the purchaser.

"It is impossible to say, sir," he answered, "for about forty have paid for it without saying a word."

A dry genius who had occasion to visit town daily, recently passed a farm house near which the occupant had been butchering something less than a dozen very small pigs, the result of the day's labor being hung up on a pole facing the street. Our genius deliberately stopped his team and asked the farmer what he was doing? "Butchering," was the quick response. "Oh," says the driver, "I thought you were dipping can-dies!" and he hastened his horses into a trot—to make up for lost time.

Lizzie Boynton, the nice girl who has been lecturing upon the enormities of the monster, otherwise known as man, has captured one of the wild animals in a matrimonial noose, and is going to try to tame him.—*Detroit Tribune*.

An English gentleman died, recently, after keeping up his insurance policy for seventy-one years, and his heirs are expressing a good deal of dissatisfaction because they only get about a quarter as much as he paid out for premiums.

It was woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account.

Automatic Government.

The following, from the New York Times, is so well expressed and approaches so nearly to the opinions of many leading papers, orators and quiet people of the radical party, that to disbelieve what it would be to set up one's own judgment against that of all the classes named as well as the very respectable class, politically in the minority just now. Is it safe to hazard so much assumption even by a bread and butter politician? Read the article and then tell us whether you will vote to perpetuate such a party in power or not:

Washington is almost bare of cabinet officials. The government is running itself—a pretty good proof of its capacity to go ahead in the accustomed grooves despite the improbability of the men in office under the Grant administration. If it really did require unusual ability on the part of the head of departments at Washington, our government would be in a sad way, and its dissolution might soon be anticipated. For President Grant knows less of statesmanship than any one of the men he has made his constitutional advisers, and with almost a solitary exception they know still less of statesmanship than even the ordinary run of small politicians. From his secretary of state, who is a gentlemanly ignoramus, down to his attorney general, who is not an ignorant of that kind, all are at respectable nobodies with whom he has carefully surrounded himself to escape being overshadowed in the White House. Yet the government machinery keeps in motion, simply because it was originally so constructed as to be self-acting should fate chance to impose upon it an incapable chief-engineer and subordinates.

Perhaps it is a fortunate thing for the nation that President Grant is so utterly helpless an executive, and is unwilling to play second fiddle to any brilliant mind by bringing it into his cabinet. A brilliant mind is apt to be ambitious. If Grant enjoyed a master intellect he might want to indulge in a coup d'etat like Louis Napoleon, and make himself the head of an empire. If he had a master mind in the cabinet, it might aim at absolute power, and by subtle means instigate a revolution against official imbecility to secure it. We are safe from such perils now, because no man in federal authority has the capacity to stir up such mischief. General ignorance occupies the White House in point of fact. General corruption occupies the capitol. General stupidity controls the different bureaus of war, the navy, etc. General apathy inspires the people. We are under military rule, therefore, in the strictest sense; and what would be the civil result if the Fathers of the Republic had not so fashioned our government as to make it go by itself, and Monroe, Madison, and Jefferson had not so set in motion that it cannot jump off without a violent disarrangement of its organization?

It was in 1739 that some ten persons came to John Wesley in London to consult him concerning their spiritual state. They formed the nucleus of the society which at this hour numbers more than 50,000 preachers, 3,000,000 communicants and 12,000,000 hearers.

It was thought necessary to call a public meeting in Mount Carroll, Ill., for the purpose of expressing opinion on the conduct of one of the citizens regarding his son's widow. The resolution states that the cruel father-in-law should be spurned and treated accordingly.

An old man of eighty-six, in New Orleans, toothless for thirty years, now rejoices over the appearance of a new set of teeth, sprung from his own gums. Many middle aged and even young people will regard this as a waste on the part of creative nature.

The Water Commissioners of Hartford, Connecticut, in view of the "nauseous taste and offensive odor of the city water," advise housewives to boil it and let it stand an hour before using it, and resort to cold tea and coffee as family beverages.

A lively fellow under arrest in Iowa has made a confession covering his doings for seven years. He remembers nine murders with in that time, but don't care to go back any further.

The Chicago Board of Education has adopted a rule prohibiting teachers from receiving presents from their pupils on pain of dismissal from service.